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AMERICA'S

Wonderful Cliff Region

A Descriptive Letter with Illustrations of

THE KENTUCKY RIVER CANYON

By a Tourist on the

STEAMER FALLS CITY

Louisville & Kentucky River Packet Co.

By Mail Post-paid on Receipt of

PRICE 25 CENTS.

OWENS PRINTING CO., Louisville, Ky.

J. E. Hagan

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A. E. Schauer.

A LETTER WRITTEN BY A PASSENGER ON THE

STEAMER FALLS CITY



KENTUCKY RIVER AND THE CLIFF REGION



[We are permitted to copy a letter, written by a gentleman who recently made a trip on the Steamer Falls City up the Kentucky River. This letter is addressed to his niece, and is reproduced just as written.—THE PUBLISHER.]

My Dear Mary Jeannette: As a matter of business recently took me up Kentucky River, I have concluded to write you concerning the journey.

Starting for a trip on the Kentucky River, the wise passenger will reach the Steamer Falls City early ; and then not be impatient ; but sit near the guards, and view the excellent harbor at Louisville. The Ohio River—rightly named, by Bayard Taylor, *La Belle Riviere*—at this place encounters a series of rapids to hinder its otherwise placid journey to the "Father of Waters."

The rapids are known as the Falls of the Ohio River, which has a fall usually of about one foot to the mile, but at these rapids there is a fall of about 25 feet in $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles. In high water boats can pass over these rapids ; but when the water is low, they go through the Government Canal, located on the Kentucky side.

From the Steamer Falls City, a good view of the Falls is obtained, and notice can be taken of the work to improve navigation, made by the Government. A superior pier-bridge spans the river in full view, which is used by various railroads running into Louisville.

Opposite is the City of Jeffersonville,—connected with Louisville by a steam ferry and another railroad bridge. In Jeffersonville are located the Car-Works, a State Reformatory, and a Government Military Storehouse.

Below Jeffersonville is the Town of Clarksville, named for and laid out by General George Rogers Clark, of Revolutionary fame, and related to "Lewis and Clark," the explorers. This town never realized the expectations of its illustrious founder; but, while it may never be a city, many little homes are springing up there.

Near this point, during the Civil War, was located Camp Joe Holt, where were recruited many soldiers for the Federal service—especially those Kentuckians under General Rousseau, also a Kentuckian.

Then the bell rings, the lines are "let go," and the Steamer Falls City starts on her journey. The retreating city presents a panorama of buildings and smoke, as the trim boat sails the water like a duck.

Above Jeffersonville, we reach Port Fulton, where are located the shipyards, and find steamers in various degrees of completion. While steamboats are the usual vessels built there, the facilities of the yards are such that the owners can turn out any kind of vessel, from a "skiff" to a gunboat. A large fleet of boats were constructed at these yards for the Yukon River, in Alaska. The timbers were sent by rail to the Pacific Ocean, and there put together and the gunboats launched.

Just above Port Fulton is located what is known as the "Punkin" Patch," the receiving station for the coal-barges which are towed from the mines way-up the river. It will be observed that the coal companies have all the appliances for taking care of the coal—such as pumps, etc., and steamers and tugs for harbor work, and "coal-grabbers" for rescuing coal from sunken barges.

There are several islands in the river, which are valuable as farming land. There are no unproductive lands on either side of the Ohio; for while one may not plow the limestone bluffs and raise a crop of corn, he may quarry the rock and burn it into lime, as is done very successfully at and near the town of Utica, Indiana.

About 15 miles from Louisville, we reach what is known as Fern Grove, where excursion steamers take thousands of fresh-air seekers during the summer months. Near the Grove, is a range of limestone formation, bearing the name of the "Devil's Backbone." Climbing the hill leading up the "Backbone," may be wearying work; but one is well repaid when the eye rests on a beautiful stretch of Kentucky scenery.

When one sits and looks at the landscape, enjoys the living green of the trees and shrubs, and hears the hum of the bees and the singing

of the birds, thus taking in more quiet in a few minutes than can be gotten in a long time in the city, it is no wonder that many a couple has walked easily down the slope, with a better understanding of things than they had in mind when they were slowly toiling up.

About one mile below Madison, Indiana, is seen on a hill overlooking the river, Hanover College, which has been in existence for over half a century—the *alma mater* of many an illustrious citizen.

After supper the dark comes on, and the red and green signal lights—as required by the Government—are put out. A large steamer passes us, going up the river, and presents a brilliant appearance on the water. Later, we meet the advance guard of a coal fleet, which signals to warn us of its movements. As the tow passes us, the search-light sends its silvery shine from the bow of the boat to the bow of the barges, so that it may be seen whether all is well.

And then a few hours' sleep, to be awakened by the whistle for Madison, Indiana. A broken moon in the sky is doing a faint business, while the search-lights of our own and another steamer enable the Falls City to make a safe landing.

The "roosters," the men who "pack" the freight, do a rushing business for awhile, and then the bell signals for our departure.

Awakening from another slumber, we find the Falls City has passed the Dam of Lock No. 1, the backwater from the Ohio being high enough for that purpose. On both sides of the Kentucky River are what is known as the "bottom lands," which richly promise a good harvest, and back of the bottoms are those foot-hills which are so peculiar to the Ohio and Kentucky River sections, being more like knolls than rugged hills. One is reminded of the vine-clad hills of the River Rhine, and wonders why these hills are not utilized in the culture of the grape.

As I promised you a letter on Kentucky River, dealing somewhat in its early history, I cull some information from Collins' History of Kentucky, adding what I could find out by asking questions, and also my own observations; but one may observe on a trip like this a great deal more than he can possibly put into words.

Starting from Carrollton, in Carroll County, where the Kentucky River yields up its rather clear water to the muddy stream of the Ohio River, we travel up a beautiful and scenic waterway, which is navigable for about 265 miles. Made more navigable, it is true, by the assistance

of man, with a system of Locks and Dams, which earlier in the history of the State was known as "slackwater" navigation, an enterprise started by the State of Kentucky, but afterward turned over to the fostering care of the United States Government, and by the addition of other Locks and Dams the "Cliff-Country" is being opened up to the enraptured gaze of the astonished tourist. Nevertheless, in the early history of the State, this river did business in a navigable way on its own account; for, even before the days of steamboating, it was the means of transporting from the Ohio River merchandise intended for the interior settlements. "Poling" a boat up-stream must have been hard work at all times, but when the spring freshets came the stream was by no means "sluggish" or "slack," as many a raftsman or keelboatman had good reason to know. It was at these times essentially alive.

When Kentucky became well settled, the Kentucky River sent many a flatboat of produce and many a raft of logs to market. It still sends these things to the world outside, for which the shippers receive many pieces of the wealth of the realm in return.

As we start from Carrollton, going up the river, we must remember that the navigators begin at the source, and as they go down stream the right bank is to the right hand and the left bank is to the left hand; but when they go up the stream, the right bank is to the left hand, and the left bank to the right hand—which seems odd, at first, to the landsman; but the navigators are "all-right, all-right," for they never get left by having a permanent right and left bank to a river. Indeed, the landsman don't know half the time whether the boat is going up or down the river.

In this letter I will write such of its early history as I can glean. A trip up the river will enable you to see for yourself its present condition and advantages. The magnificent grandeur of the cliffs and scenery on this stream remain to please the eye.

Carrollton, at the mouth of the Kentucky, in 1792, was known as Port William; but it was afterward changed to its present name, in honor of the signer of the Declaration of Independence, "Charles Carroll of Carrollton." Prestonville, named for Colonel Preston of Virginia, is opposite Carrollton. Worthville, on the right bank of the Kentucky River, seven miles from the mouth, where the river is crossed by a railroad bridge, was named in honor of General William Worth.

In March, 1785, and up to the middle of the '90s, Indians were very troublesome at the mouth of the Kentucky River.

Antiquities in the way of fortifications, etc., were rather numerous in Carroll County near Carrollton, and were recently to be pointed out.

In 1754, James McBride and party came down the Ohio in a canoe, and stopped at the mouth of the Kentucky—which was originally called the Cutawa.

In January, 1795, Elijah Craig, Jr., advertised transports up the Kentucky, "for freight or passage."

Leaving Carroll County, the river passes through Owen County on the right bank and Henry County on the left bank.

Owen County, named for Colonel Abraham Owen, born in Prince Edward County, Virginia, has heretofore been facetiously designated as the "State of Owen," and was formed in the year 1819. The Kentucky is its boundary line for 28 miles.

Many mineral springs are found in Owen, and good limestone, from which hydraulic cement may be made. In politics Owen County has always been noted for its fidelity to the principles and men of the Democratic party. It earned the name of "Sweet Owen" from Major John C. Breckinridge, afterward Vice President of the United State, who also named a son "Owen County Breckinridge."

The town of Gratz received its name from B. Gratz Brown, who ran for Vice President with Horace Greeley. It is situated near Lock No. 2.

About a mile below Gratz, is located the "Gratz Lead Mining Co.," which sends out many tons of ore by the Steamer Falls City, to be re-shipped to St. Louis for smelting.

Monterey, a town and landing in Owen County, was named for the Monterey in Mexico, where the Kentucky boys were engaged in teaching the Mexicans that "war meant fightin'."

The "Jump-Off" is a perpendicular precipice, about 100 feet high, with a hollow passage through its center, wide enough for a wagon road.

The "Point of Rocks," on Cedar Creek, near Monterey, is a beautiful and romantic spot, where an immense rock, 75 feet high, overhangs a place in the creek called the "Deep Hole," to which no bottom has been found—so it is speak.

"Pond Branch" is a stream of water flowing from a large pond, which is supposed to have been at one time the bed of the Kentucky

River—that is, judging from its general appearance. It is near Lock No. 3. The water flows from the pond, and empties into the river by two routes, thus forming a complete “mountain island,” $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles long by $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles wide in its broadest part.

Henry County, on the left bank of the river, opposite Owen County, was named for the celebrated Patrick Henry, of Virginia, who asked for “liberty or death.” It is a very fertile county, and was, in 1874, noted for being the ninth largest corn-producing county in the State.

Lead and silver ore have been discovered in the county, and mammoth remains were found in the cut made for the railroad at Eminence, which is 170 feet above Drennon Creek, which empties into the Kentucky River. About a mile from the landing, which is at the mouth of the creek, is situated Drennon Springs, a noted summer resort. The springs furnish excellent mineral water. Jacob Drennon, Matthew Bracken, and Simon Kenton were the original discoverers of the Lick or Springs—Drennon having, July 7, 1773, purchased the information of its locality from an old Delaware Indian at Big Bone Lick, in Boone County. Simon Kenton built a block-house at Drennon Spring. The creek was then called Lawrence Creek.

The river then passes through Franklin County, which was formed in 1794, and named in honor of Benjamin Franklin,—printer, philosopher, patriot, and statesman. Tall cliffs, in many places quite precipitous, rear their heads along the meandering course of the river through this county. The Lock and Dam are about one mile below Frankfort, which city is the State Capital. The fall here is about 13 feet, and affords a fine water-power. The crops raised for export are corn, wheat, rye, barley, hemp, and tobacco. Much attention is paid to the raising of fine-blooded stock, and to horses, mules, sheep, cattle, and hogs for market.

Frankfort, the Capital City of Kentucky, is a beautiful city down among the hills, with about 12,000 inhabitants. “The Capital of any State possesses interest because it is the Capital; but the City of Frankfort possesses great historical interest, as well as natural and artificial sights. Among other places, we may mention the old Capitol building, so rich in memories of the great men of the State and Nation; the State Prison, the Arsenal, the building where ex-Vice President Burr was tried for treason; and if one has an old-timer for a guide, he may wend his way up the abandoned road-bed of (perhaps) the first horse-car line

and when at the summit he may enter the Beautiful City of the Dead on Cemetery Hill, where repose the remains of so many illustrious dead, and where is to be seen the Battle Monument, which commemorates Kentucky's heroes, including the brave ones who were executed in Cuba over 50 years ago. These men gave their lives, hoping for that freedom which the Island of Cuba now enjoys. Here also are the remains of Daniel Boone and wife, whose monument is picked to pieces by vandal relic-hunters."

The city is now supplied with all the advantages of advanced civilization, except, perhaps, a more modern State House; but a new one has been provided for. However, the present Capitol contains a winding stairway, furnishing its own support, the like of which does not exist anywhere else in the country—perhaps, in the world—that is, in the architectural world. An effort will, it is hoped, be made to save this wonderful piece of architectural work; but how is the question, for it is so easy now-a-days to tear down the work of ages.

Woodford County is the next in order. It was organized in 1788, the last of the nine counties formed by Virginia before Kentucky became a State. It was the home of many celebrated men—among whom may be mentioned Hon. Thomas F. Marshall and Governor John J. Crittenden.

Mercer County, established in 1785, was named for General Hugh Mercer. This county occupies almost the geographical centre of the State of Kentucky.

Pleasant Hill, or Union Village, is a small village of rare beauty and neatness, situated on a commanding eminence about one mile from the Kentucky River, on the turnpike road from Lexington to Harrodsburg, and seven miles from the latter place. It belongs exclusively to that orderly and industrious society called Shakers.

At the Kentucky River there is located what is known as "Shaker Ferry." At this point High Bridge spans the river from cliff to cliff 287 feet above the river. The magnificence of this architectural structure arrests the eye of the tourist as we pass under the same. But as our boat passes up the river our admiration for the work of man is suddenly changed to one of wonder at the grandeur of nature's work, for it seems to have excelled itself, in cliff-work, at the point where the Dick's River enters the Kentucky River.

I quote the following:

"The scenery on the Kentucky and Dick's Rivers is among the grandest and most picturesque in the United States. Not even by the Highlands of the Hudson is it equalled for its imposing effect. Those towering cliffs, rising in perpendicular walls for many hundred feet above the beach, variegated by marble strata of every conceivable thickness and color, overpower the beholder with a sense of Nature's majesty. They look like the battlements of a world, standing there so stern and erect in their massive proportions, and as we gaze upon their bald fronts, against which the storms of ages have beaten, we can almost realize the fable of the Titans, and suppose they have been thrown up in some long forgotten battle of the gods."

At Shaker Ferry, in 1845, nearly opposite the most elevated of the cliffs, an artist fell down the fearful precipice—"now touching and grasping at a twig, now at a root, without being able to arrest his descent. He finally lodged in the top of a small Buckeye tree, about 50 feet above the general level of the bottom. The total distance of the fall was about 170 feet. Next day he was walking about apparently but little injured."

"On the night of January 6, 1904, Della and Florence Donnelly walked over the embankment at High Bridge, falling 50 feet onto solid rock below. Della sustained a compound fracture of both limbs below the knee; Florence sustained a depressed fracture of the skull and fracture of the right limb below the knee. Both girls have fully recovered and are as well as they were before they were injured." I send you a picture of the girls and the cliff down which they fell. See how many weird and grotesque faces you can find in the cliff. The picture is taken from the "Louisville Evening Times"

Kentucky is called the "Bluegrass Country." However, the grass is not *blue* but *green*. Many fanciful ideas have been advanced about the origin of this name—so, it is just as well to pick out one that I fancy, and that is a statement that an early maker of a map of Kentucky, taking Mercer County as a centre, colored in blue a section of about 100 miles square, and marked the same "Grass Country." Hence the name "Bluegrass Country." Filson, in 1784, said: "The reader, by casting his eye upon the map, and viewing around the heads of Licking from the Ohio, and round the heads of Kentucky, Dick's River, and down Green River to the Ohio, may view in that great compass of about 100 miles square the most extraordinary country on which the sun has ever shone."

A most extraordinary statement you might suppose. But then, all Kentuckians think, no doubt, that visitors to their State must lament their lack of a sufficient vocabulary from which to select proper words

to express their admiration. My mother—who was a Kentuckian of Virginia-born parents—once told me that Simon Kenton, while visiting his former home in Virginia, told her father that he had surely found Kentucky to be the lost Garden of Eden—barring, perhaps, the Indians.

We now pass through Anderson County, which was organized in 1827, and named for Richard Clough Anderson, who was born at Louisville, in the then district of Kentucky, 4th day of August 1788. He was a maternal nephew of the celebrated General George Rogers Clark.

Lawrenceburg, the capital, was established in 1820, and named for Capt. James Lawrence, whose last words, on board the Chesapeake, were, "Don't give up the ship." The town was first settled by an old Dutchman who was killed by the Indians, whose wife exclaimed in the bitterness of her affliction, "I always told my old man that these savage *Injens* would kill him; and I had rather lost my best cow at the pail than my old man."

Jedidiah Morse, in the "First Complete" American Geography, published in 1789, at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, had this to say about the Cliff-Region of the Kentucky River :

"The banks, or rather precipices, of Kentucky and Dick's Rivers are to be reckoned among the greatest natural curiosities of this country. Here the astonished eye beholds 300 to 600 feet of solid perpendicular rocks—in some parts, of the limestone kind, and in others of fine white marble, curiously checkered with strata of astonishing regularity. These rivers have the appearance of deep artificial canals. Their high rocky banks are covered with red cedar groves."

Dr. Christopher C. Graham, who lived to be 100 years old, made, in 1847, a trip to the Kentucky River, and thus gave his impressions :

"After much vexation and annoyance occasioned by the difficulties of the road, we arrived near the object of our visit, and quitting our horses, proceeded on foot. Upon approaching the brink of the precipice, under direction of our guide, we suddenly found ourselves standing on the verge of a yawning chasm, and immediately beyond, bottomed in darkness, the Devil's Pulpit was seen rearing its black, gigantic form, from amid the obscurity of the deep and silent valley. The background to this gloomy object presented a scene of unrelieved desolation. Cliff rose on cliff and crag surmounted crag, sweeping off on either hand in huge semicircles, until the wearied eye became unable to follow the countless and billowy-like mazes of that strange and awful scene. The prevailing character of the whole was that of savage grandeur and gloom. A profound silence broods over the place, broken only by the muffled rushing of the stream far down in its narrow passage, cleaving its way to its home in the Atlantic Ocean. Descending by a zigzag path to the shore of the river, while our companions were making preparations to cross, I strayed through the valley. The air was cool, refreshing and fragrant, and vocal with the voices of many birds. The bending trees, the winding stream with its clear and crystal waters, flowering shrubs, and clustering vines walled in by these adamantine ramparts—which seem to tower to the skies—make this a place of rare and picturesque beauty. The dewdrops still hung glittering on the

leaves, the whispering winds played with soft music through the rustling foliage, and the sunbeams struggling through the overhanging forest kissed the opening flowers, and all combined made up a scene of rural loveliness and romance, which excited emotions of unmingled delight. The ferry-boat having arrived, the river was crossed without difficulty, and we commenced the ascent, and after measuring up 270 feet, arrived at the base of the "Pulpit." Fifty paces from this point, and parallel with it, in the solid ledge of the cliff, is a cave of considerable extent. At its termination, there passes out like the neck of a funnel, an opening, not larger than a hogshead. Upon pitching rocks into this cave, a rumbling was heard at an immense distance below the earth. Some are of the opinion that this cave contains a bottomless pit. We now ascended the cliffs some fifty feet further, clambering up through a fissure in the rocks, having the Pulpit on our right, and a range of cliffs on our left. To look up here makes the head dizzy. Huge and dark masses roll up above you, upon whose giddy heights vast crags jut out and overhang the valley, threatening destruction to all below. The floating clouds give these crags the appearance of swimming in mid air. The ascent up these rocks, though somewhat laborious, is perfectly safe, being protected by natural walls on either side, and forming a perfect stairway with steps from eight to ten feet thick. At the head of this passage there is a hole through the river side of the wall, large enough to admit the body, and through which one may crawl, and look down upon the rushing stream below. At the foot of the stairway stands the Pulpit, rising from the very brink of the main ledge, at more than 200 feet of an elevation above the river, but separated from the portion which towers up to the extreme heights. The space is 12 feet at bottom, and as the cliff retreats lightly at this point, the gap is perhaps 30 feet at the top. The best idea that can be formed of this rock is to suppose it to be a single column, standing in front of the continuous wall of some vast building or ruin, the shaft standing as colonnades are frequently built upon an elevated platform. From the platform to the capital of the shaft is not less than 100 feet, making the whole elevation of the "Devil's Pulpit" 300 feet. It is called by some the inverted candlestick, to which it has a striking resemblance. There are two swells, which form the base moulding and occupy about 40 feet of the shaft. It then narrows to an oblong of about three by six feet, at which point here are fifteen distinct projections. This neck continues with some irregularity for eight or ten feet, winding on at an angle of more than one degree from the line of gravity. Then commences the increased swell and craggy offsets, first over hanging on one side, and then the other, till they reach the top or cap rock, which is not so wide as the one below it, but is still fifteen feet across."

Jessamine County was formed in 1798, and named in honor of a beautiful young lady, Jessamine Douglass, whose father entered the land near Jessamine Creek and settled there. The creek is of good size, and as large near its source as at its termination. It rises at two points about ten feet apart, at one it boils up from a bed of gravel, at another, gushes from between two large smooth rocks, and is very deep. Upon one of these rocks the fair Jessamine was sitting unconscious of danger—when an Indian crashed a tomahawk through her brain.

At this point, Hickman is the landing, and Camp Nelson is the name of the postoffice—because there is another Hickman in the State.

As a matter of historical interest to you, I quote an account of "Old Camp Nelson :"

"In the civil war, this county was the principal point for the concentration of Federal forces and munitions of war, on the Cumberland line. In 1863, Camp Nelson—named in compliment to Major General William Nelson—was established on the Kentucky River, at the mouth of Hickman Creek, in Jessamine County, and occupied till the close of the war. It had a fortified circumference of about 10 miles, formed in great part by the high surrounding hills and cliffs of the Kentucky River, and partly by breastworks thrown up, that yet remain. No battles of note were fought in the county. This was the principal camp in the state for the enlistment of colored troops, and the refugees from slavery. On these lands is now established a U. S. military cemetery, finely and substantially improved, and in which are interred thousands of Federal soldiers."

A county bridge crosses the Kentucky at Hickman, of the style known as a "covered bridge," which was built in 1838, and is in perfect condition at this day.

Boone's Knoll, guarding the entrance to Hickman Creek, stands just above the bridge.

There are already completed eight Locks and Dams on the Kentucky, which, in our trip up the river, enables the Steamer Falls City to be lifted up about 260 feet, the fall from Lock No. 8 to the mouth at Carrollton being about one foot per mile. We can now travel by the Falls City for about 260 miles. At this point, we are about 60 miles by land from Louisville, our point of departure.

Five more Locks and Dams will complete the work as far as Beattyville, in Lee County, at the junction of the Three Forks, when the tourist will be enabled to see from the deck of the Steamer Falls City the greatest continuous Cliff-Country to be seen in the known world.

Having entered, passed up, and returned down the Kentucky River through this rugged wonderland, one is appalled by what he has seen. He lacks words to express an adequate idea of what only the camera can give but a faint suggestion, a sight of which seems to be a moving panorama in the land of dreams—a source of wonder and ever-increasing enchantment. There are faces in the rocks, a stern of a yawl fairly outlined, a pair of candlesticks, a chimney rock, being a succession of about 15 rocks, super-imposed, with a base much higher than a man's head, surmounted by a capital of about 12 feet in diameter, on which three or more persons may stand. I was told by a young man at Hickman that he had stood on top of this rock. Although spoken of in Kentucky history for over 100 years, there is great room for nomenclature, there being any number of un-named points of interest. One is not apt to find anywhere such a continuous line of cliffs—so frowning in their grandeur, so harmless in their behavior.

It requires but little fancy to suggest to the mind the terrible conflict waged so many ages ago, and for such a long time, between the water and the rock-bottomed earth. The water evidently enveloped everything, and, in its earnest desire to reach the ocean, cut its way through the earth, forming the hills and cliffs we now see watching—like sentinels never recalled from duty—the manly little stream that pursues its journey to the Gulf of Mexico.

Nature furnished the channel—man has harnessed the river and made it navigable the year round, and we are enabled to steal away from the dusty and smoky city, and behold nature at home.

One is exceedingly modest when he refers to any of the cliffs as being 100 feet high—for they range from 200 to 600 feet.

A "grain shute," used to convey grain from the upland to the Steamer Falls City, was by actual measurement 560 feet from the top of the cliff, and then was about 50 feet from the water. A scientific gentleman, who was on the steamer, as he stood on the cliff while the steamer was loading, tested the measurement given by the grain-men, and found it correct.

Remember, also, that these cliffs are continuous for about 75 miles, and you may have a faint idea of the stupendous aggregation of rocks, composing the "Canyon of the Kentucky."

Not the least interesting feature of this trip is the kindly treatment the passenger receives from the Captain, Officers, and Crew of the Steamer Falls City—a boat built especially for the Kentucky river trade.

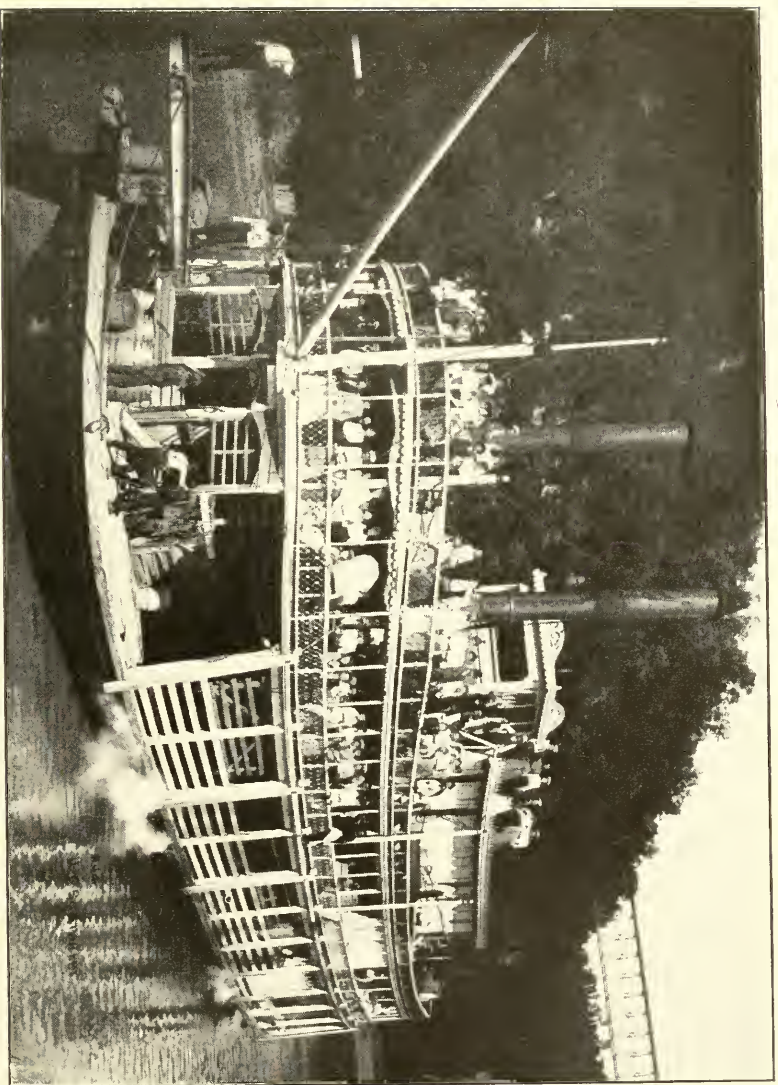
If you are as much interested in reading this letter, as I have been in the writing thereof, sometime, when you are visiting Kentucky, you may have an opportunity to see these things for yourself.

Your loving uncle,



[In the pages that follow, the Publishers have called in the aid of the camera, and present a set of pictures to assist the imagination to comprehend in some degree the grandeur of the scenery that awaits the one who takes a trip up Kentucky River.]

A. E. Schaner.



The Steamer Falls City, with a Group of Happy Tourists.



Above Lock No. 1.—Steamer Falls City Unloading Freight at Ball's Landing.

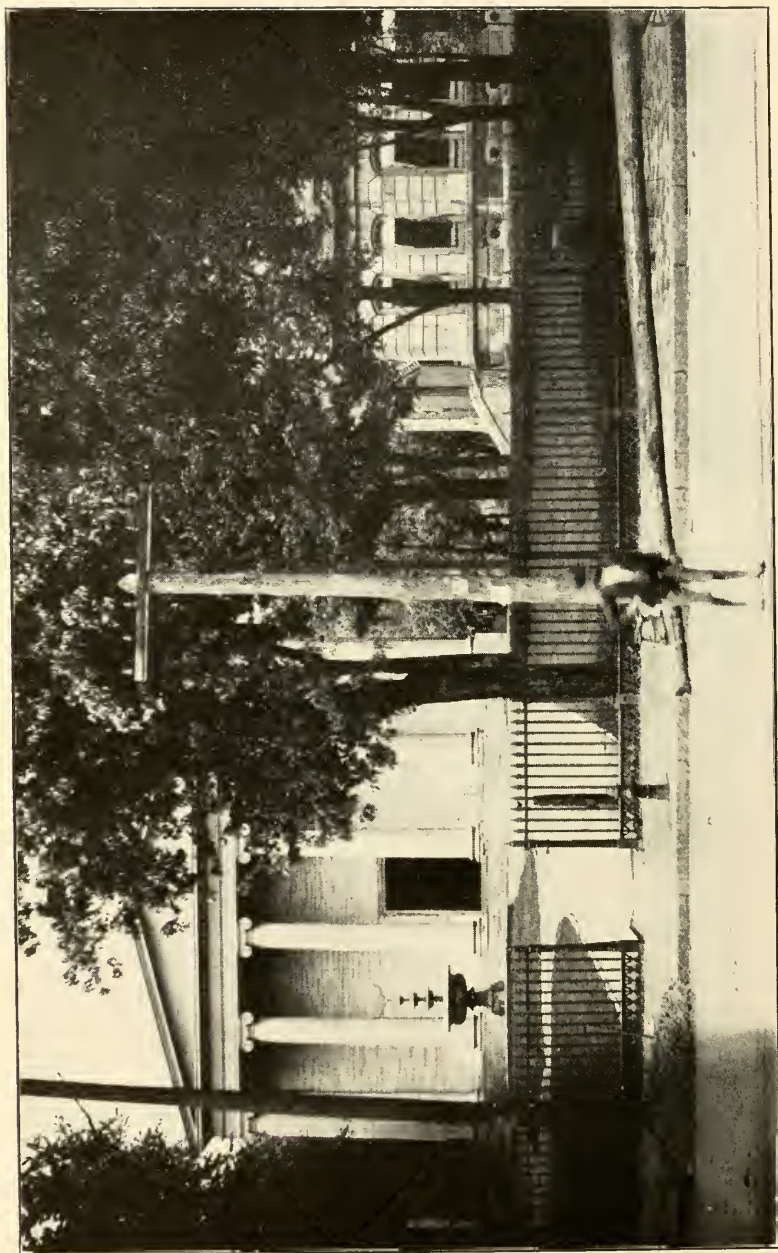


Near Lock No. 3.—Steamer Falls City Loading Kentucky Tobacco at Monterey.

A. G. Schauer.



Steamer Falls City Leaving Lock No. 4, just below Frankfort. Going Up Stream.



Kentucky State Capitol, Frankfort.

A. O. Schauer.



KLAUBER, Photographer, Louisville, Ky.

YOUNG'S HIGH BRIDGE over the Kentucky River, on line of Louisville Southern R. R., near Tyrone. Length of Center Span 551 ft.; Longest Cantilever Span in the World; Total Length of Bridge 1,628 ft.; 266 ft. Above River. Commenced February 25, 1889; First Train Passed August 24, 1889. Named in Honor of Col. Bennett H. Young.



Pinnacle Rock, with Cedar Tree on Pinnacle, Cumming's Ferry,
above Lock No. 6.



The "Twin-Chimney" Rocks or "Double Candlesticks," 1½ Miles
below Munday's Landing.

The "Twin-Chimney" Property

of the Chinn Mineral Co., of Harrodsburg, Ky., is located about two miles below Munday's Landing on the Mercer County side of Kentucky River, and contains a splendid vein of fluorspar—listed by the chemist as "C. P.," or chemically pure. This mineral is used for fluxing purposes, and the demand is far exceeding the supply. This Company is mining with compressed air, and it is a pleasure in passing to see the activity displayed and the machinery at work. The output is being actively shipped. The name "Twin-Chimney" is taken from the two large Stone Chimneys nearby, and built by Nature when the waterway was first cut in the cliffs. J. P. Chinn is the president, Geo. P. Chinn the General Manager, and C. D. Thompson Secretary & Treasurer of the Chinn Mineral Co., with offices at Harrodsburg, Ky.



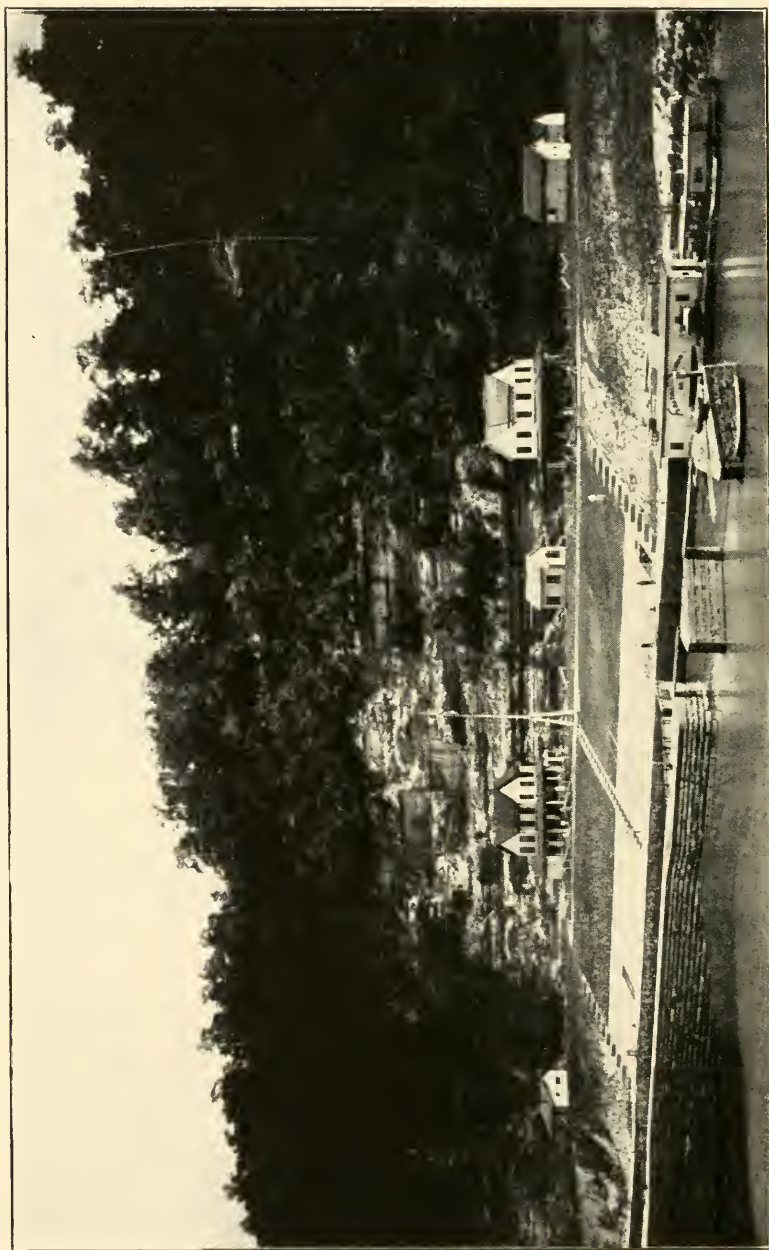
The Million "Mine"

is situated one-half mile above Munday's Landing on the Mercer County side of Kentucky River, and is owned by the Chinn Mineral Co., of Harrodsburg, Ky. There is on the property a magnificent vein of calcspar, which shows some twelve feet across the face and running more than three-fourths of a mile back from the river. While it has not been open entirely to the bottom, there is every indication that it is 285 feet deep. Geology tells us that under this bed of spar, both lead and zinc will be found. There is on the land, near the river bed, but above high-water mark, a splendid well of salt water, and one of sulphur. It is the intention of the Chinn Mineral Co. to incorporate a Hotel Co. in the next twelve months, and no more ideal place in the world can be found for such an enterprise. The use of calcspar is increasing all the time, and the Company is now shipping it East in car lots, for export purposes. In addition to the calc, they have the water and sand adjoining the Mine, and will in the near future be making building blocks of the finest quality.

A. G. Scherer.



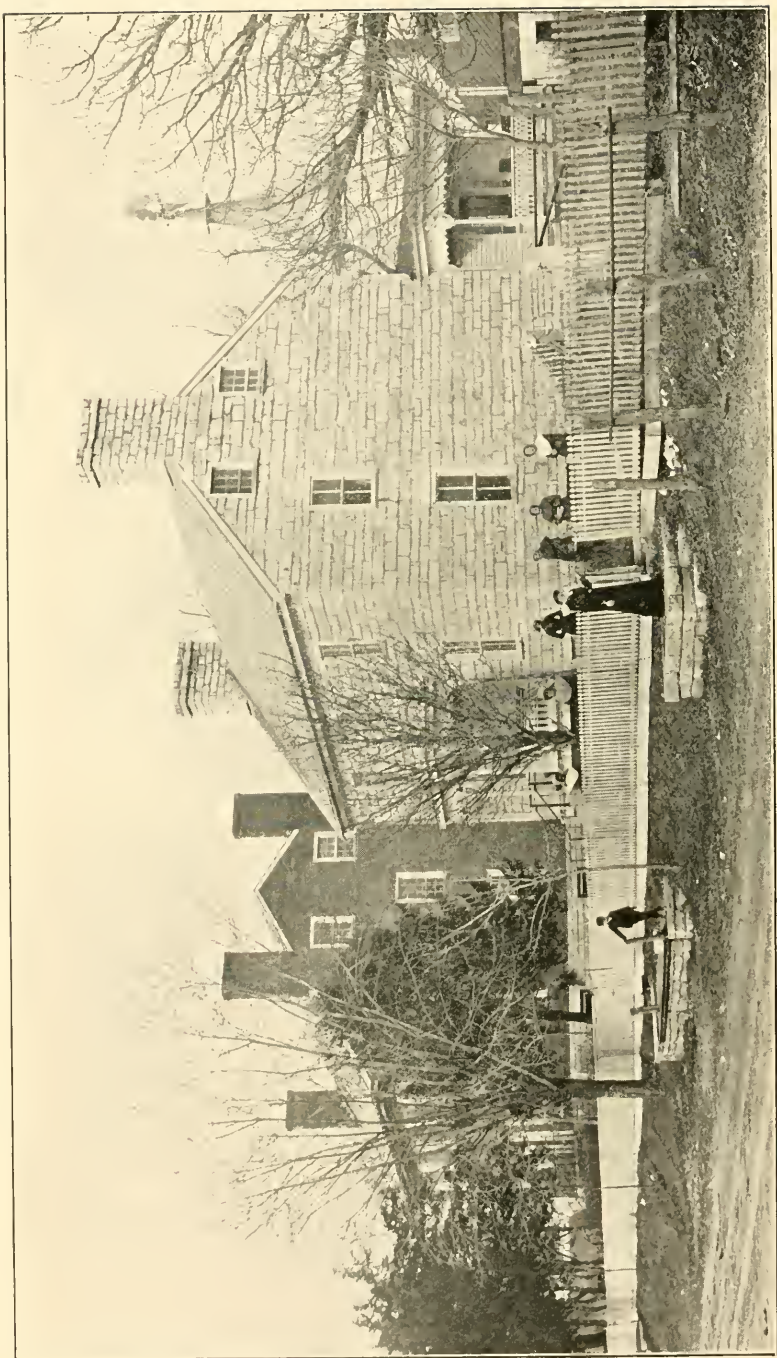
Showing Salt Spring Valley, taken from Right Bank of Kentucky River, looking Down Stream.
This picture was taken near the "Million Mine."



Showing Lock and Lock Houses of Lock No. 7.



Scene showing one of the Towers of the Shakertown High Bridge,
with Ladder leading from the River to Top of Cliffs.



SHAKERTOWN.

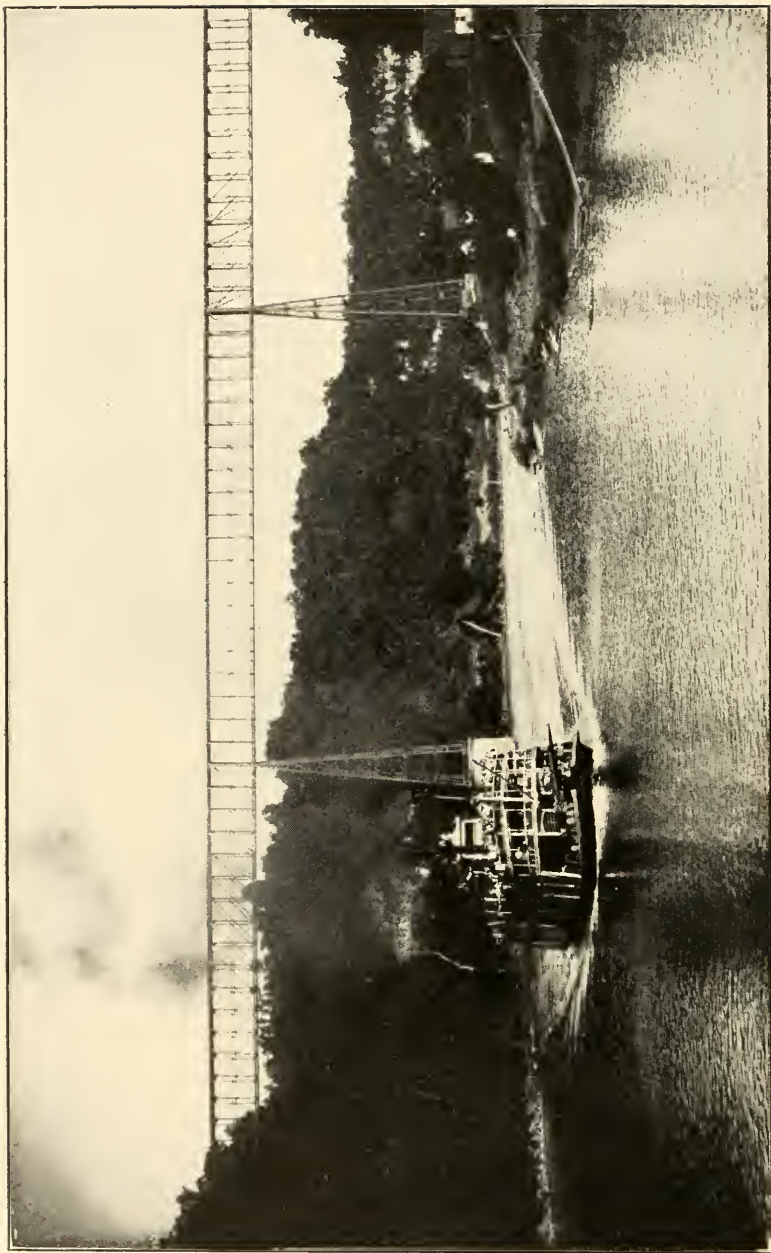
Shakertown.

This is one of the most interesting points in Mercer County. The village was founded in 1810 by that orderly and industrious society known as Shakers, and for years was one of the richest and most prosperous communities in the State. They owned at one time 7,000 acres of the finest bluegrass land, which they tilled in unison; they built their own houses and made their own furniture; they raised their own flax and wool which the women wove into cloth for the use of members of the society. The buildings are large, handsome and costly structures, several of them of Kentucky marble, and all of them fashioned for comfort, convenience and endurance. The village is one of rare beauty and neatness, situated on a commanding eminence about a mile from Kentucky River and seven miles from Harrodsburg. To the Shakers belong the honor of establishing the first system of water works west of the Alleghanies. Many outsiders, attracted by the quiet beauty of the place and the invigorating atmosphere, congregate here during the heated months, and the place is rapidly developing into one of the most popular summer resorts in the State. This picture represents the office and residence of the noted physician, Dr. William Pennybaker, who is now manager of the society.

Shakertown High Bridge.

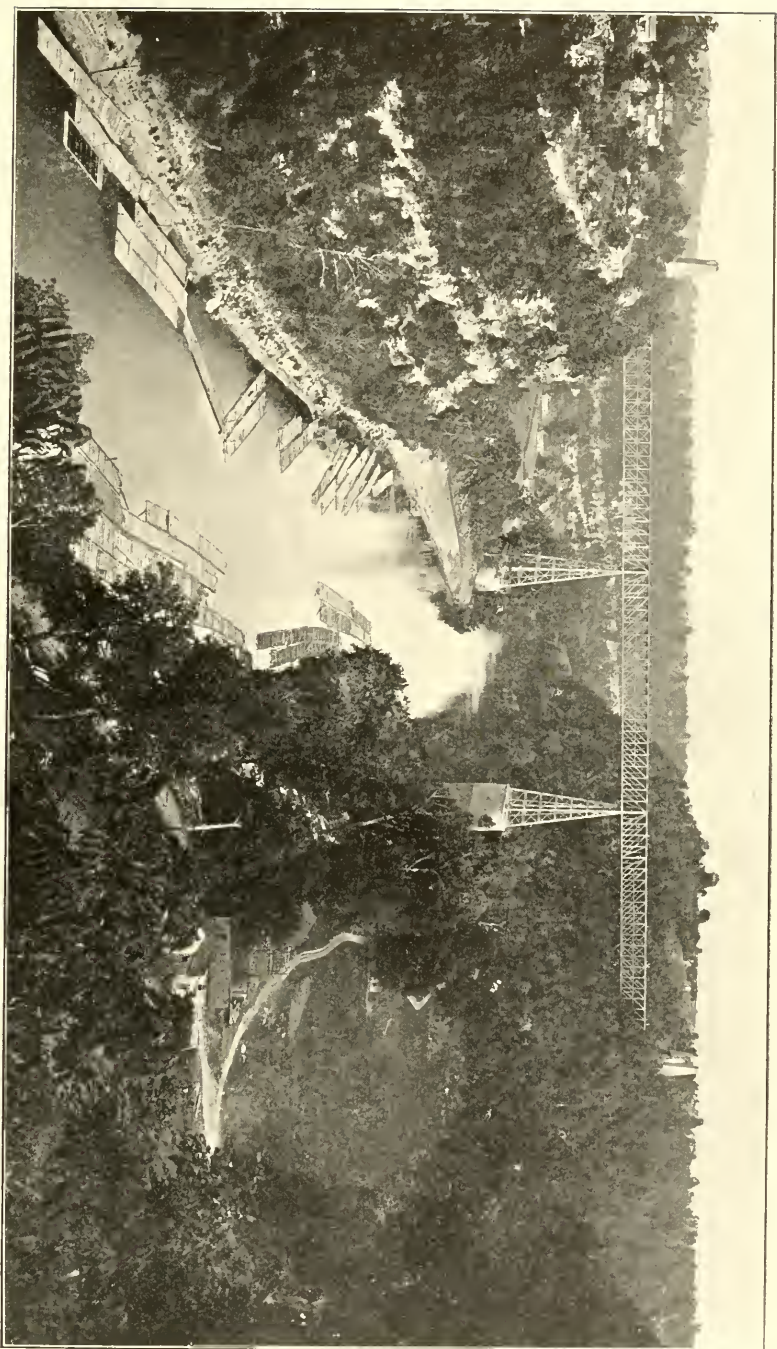
This is one of the boldest and most original pieces of bridge engineering in America. It is a part of the C. S. R. R., and was designed and built by the Baltimore Bridge Company, Shaler Smith being chief engineer. There are three spans of 375 feet each, making the total length 1,125 feet. The height of the rail above the foundation of piers is 286 feet and above low water 280 feet. Its construction was begun October 16, 1876, and completed February 20, 1877, at a cost of \$404,000.00. The natural beauty of the scenery at this point near which the Kentucky and Dick's Rivers form a junction is not second to that of the Palisades of the Hudson.

By the courtesy of Mr. A. B. Rue, photographer, we present three pictures—Shakertown, Dick's River Cliffs and "High Bridge, with Kentucky River at low water." The picture is taken, looking up stream, showing the rafts in the river, and the Cliffs from the bench rock to top, and farther up stream showing the Cliffs of Dick's and Kentucky Rivers.



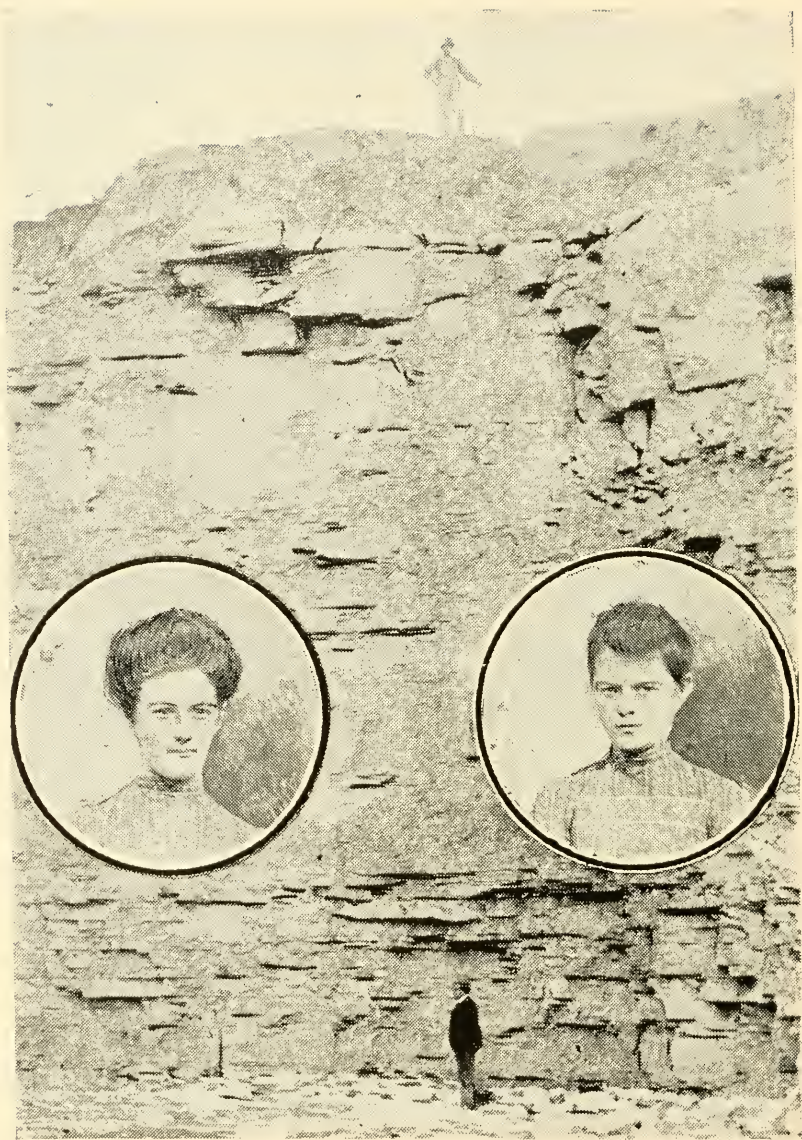
Showing Steamer Falls City Passing under High Bridge (on up trip) at Shakertown.

L. E. Schaner.



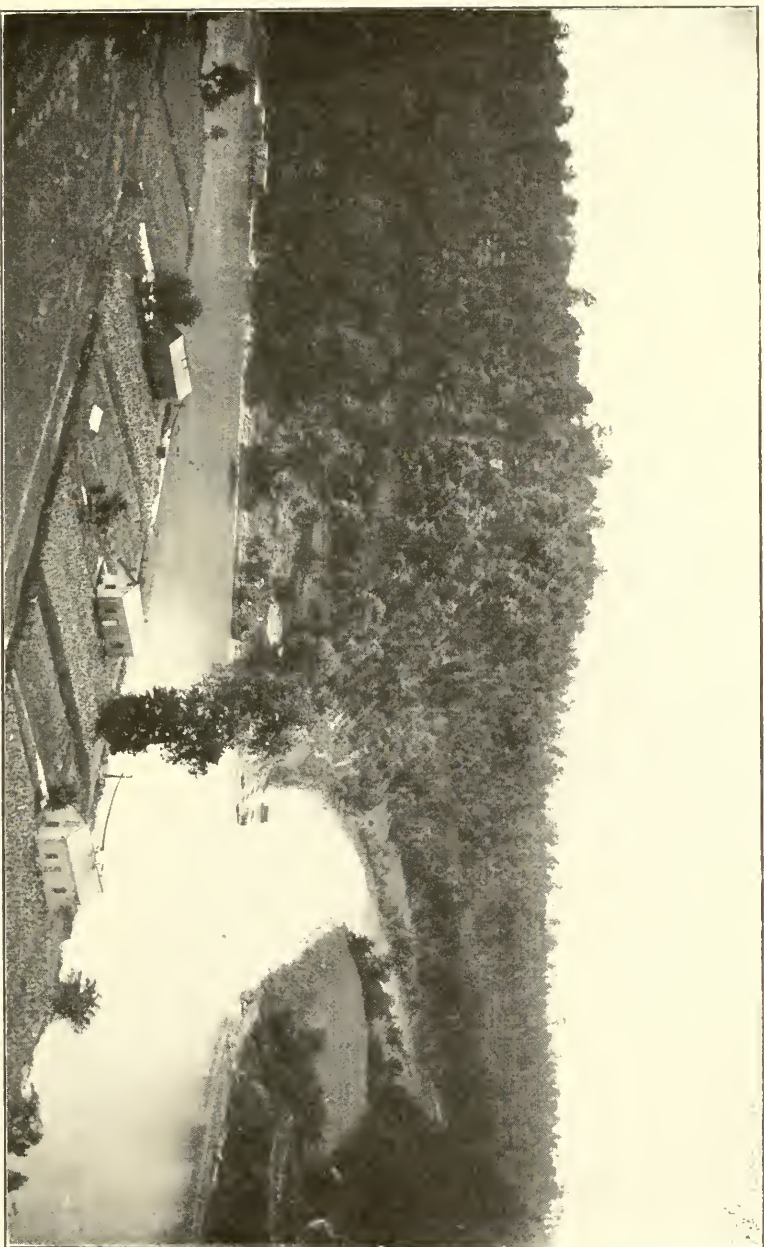
A. B. RUE, Photographer, Harrodsburg, Ky.

High Bridge, at Low Water, exposing the Bench Rock to Top of Cliffs, looking up Stream. Dick's River Cliffs in the Distance.



This Picture is taken from the Louisville Evening Times, and is referred to on Page 8 of this Book.

A. E. Schauer.

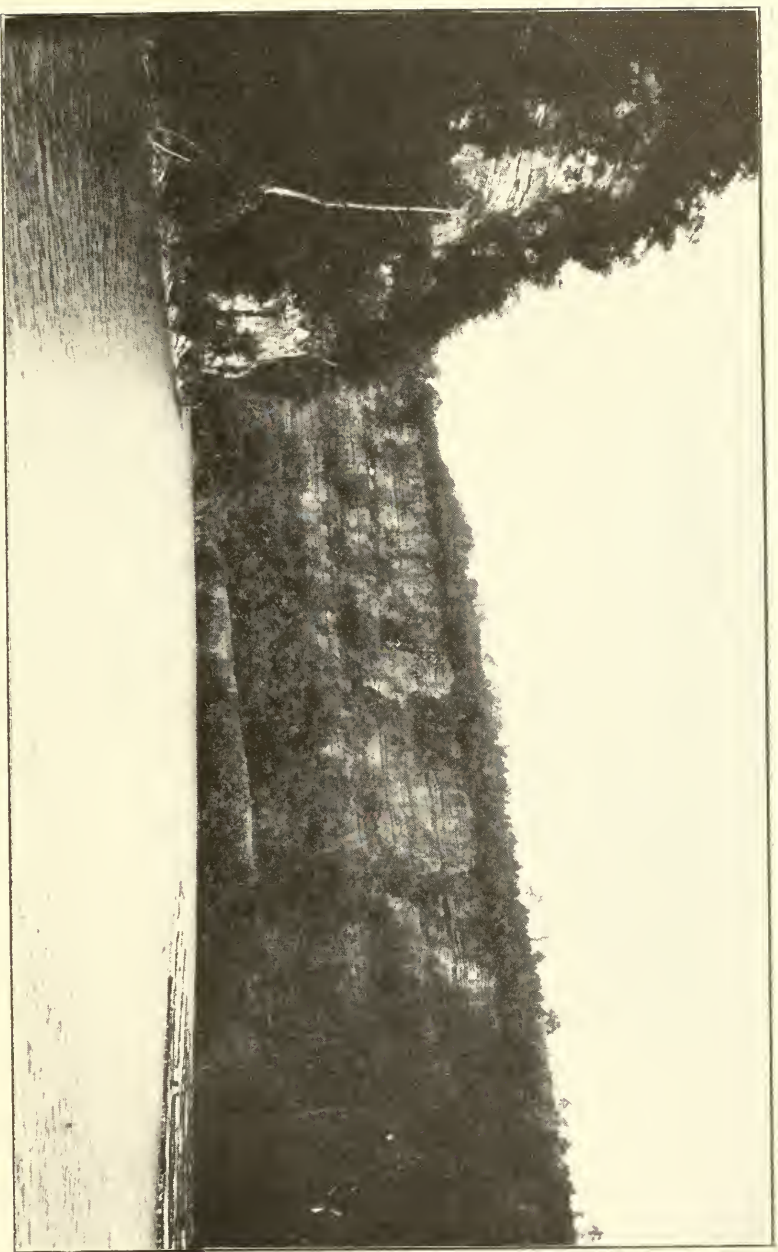


View showing Mouth of Dick's River, taken from Right Bank of Kentucky River, looking up Stream.

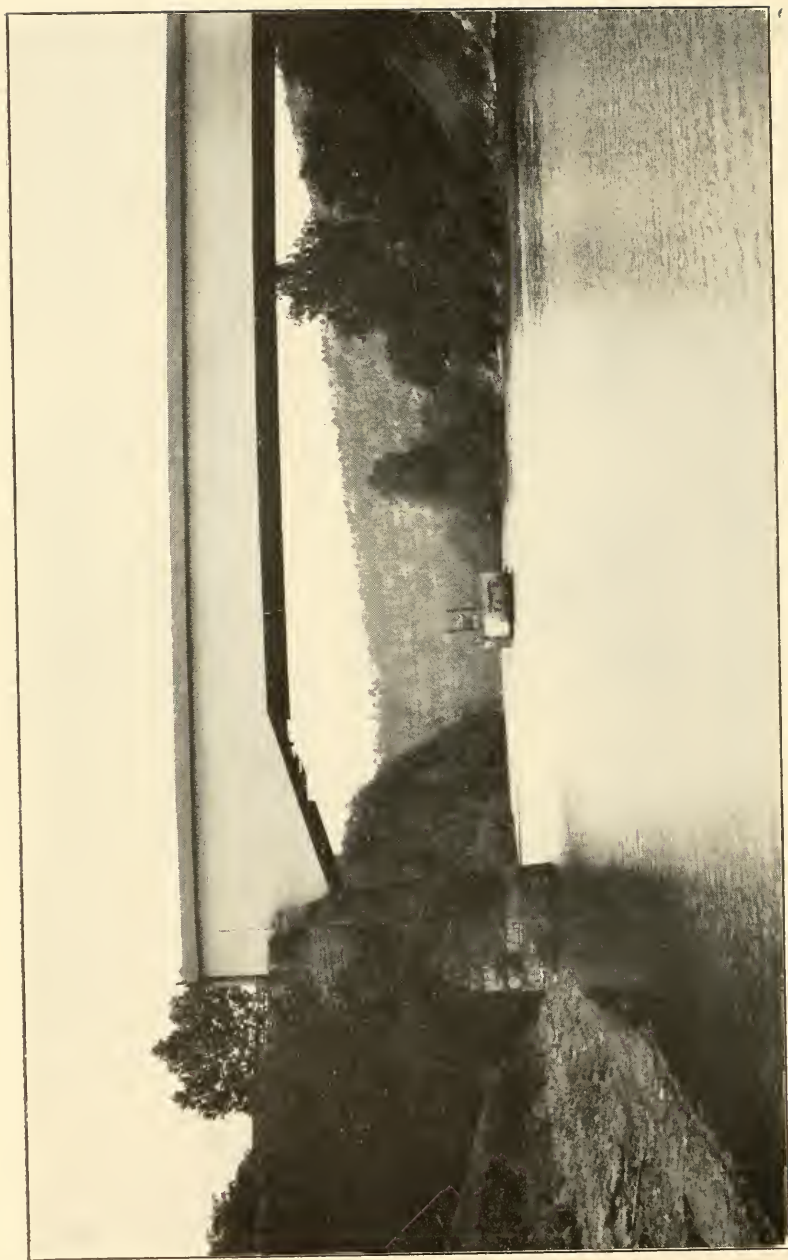


Chimney Rock, Four Miles below Camp Nelson, frequently referred to in the Letter Printed in Book.

A. E. Schaner.

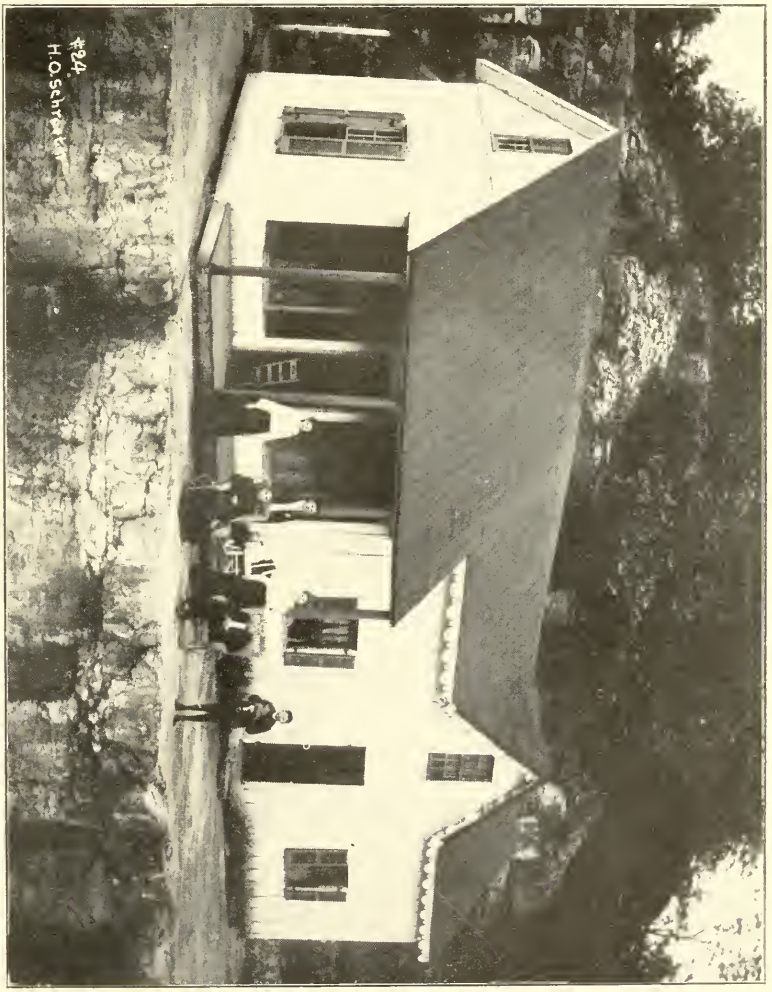


Scene just below Hickman, showing a Range of Cliffs.

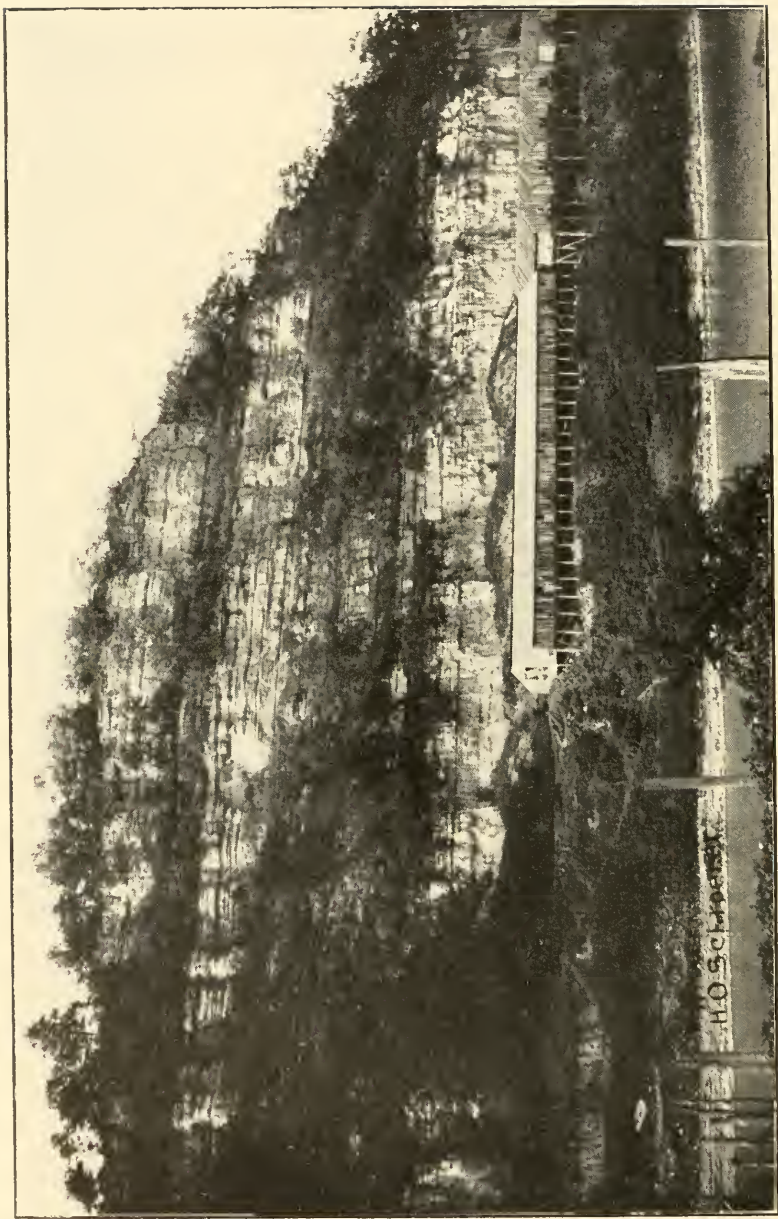


Showing the Old Hickman Wooden Bridge across the Kentucky River, built in 1838. Looking Down Stream,
Showing in Distance Cliffs of Preceding Picture.

H. O. Schreiner.



Showing Mr. Lome's Residence, built on the Cliff's opposite Boone's Knob, Twenty Feet above Public Highway and Wooden Bridge.



Showing Boone's Knob at Hickman (or Camp Nelson Post-office) just above Hickman Bridge.

W. & Schaner



#6
Ho. Schaner

Scenery around Copp's Cave, 2½ Miles below Valley View.



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Returning, arrives at Louisville Thursday evening.

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Returning, arrives at Louisville Sunday evening.

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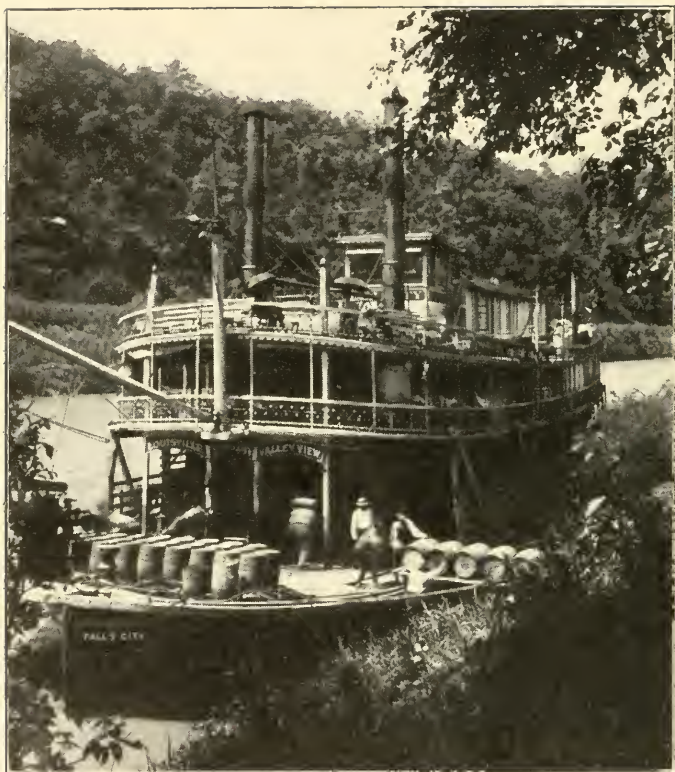
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